

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.



The Explanation of the Embleme.

This little *Embleme* here, doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man Content.
The Place he lyes on, is a mighty *Roche* :
To shew, that He Contemnes, and makes a mocke
Of Force, or *Vnderminers*. We expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Manile*, with *Hearts-ease* y wrought dorth show,
What He, doth of his owne well-being, know.
The *Pillar*, in whose *Base*, his head doth rest ;
Hath *Fortitude* and *Constancie* exprest.
The *Cornu-Copia* that so neere him lyes ;
Declares, that He enough hath to suffice :
And that He can be pleas'd, with what the Fields,
Or what the fruitfull Tree, by Nature yealds.
That pleasant *Prospectiue*, in which you see,
Groves, *Riuers*, *Woods*, and *Pallaces* there be ;
Lies farr belowe Him : and is that, in which,
The truest happy *Man*, is seldome rich.
The words, *NEC HABEO*, he doth there bestow ;
And what he meanes, doth with his finger show.
Aboue him houer *Angels*, and his *Eye*,
He fixing, on the glorious *Heauens* on high ;
(From whence a *Ray* into his brest descends)
His other word, *NEC CAREO*, thither sends ;
To intimate, that He can nothing need,
Whom *Angels* guard, and *God* himselfe doth feed.
By force, or slye *Temptations*, to preuaile
Both Temporall, and Ghostly *Foes* assaile,
His naked person : but, without a wound,
Their *Darts* are broake ; or, backe on them rebound.
So, with *NEC CURO*, Those he entertaines :
And to expresse, how highly He disdaines,
The best Contents, the World affoord him may ;
A *Globe* Terrestriall, He doth spurne away.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.



OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF
HARRIS



25 Jan 57 Haver



To any body.



O recreate my selfe, after some more serious Studies, I tooke occasion to exercise my Invention in the illustration of my *Motto*; which being thus finished, my friends made me beleue it was worth the preſeruing; and grew ſo importunate for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, leſt by often tranſcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* inſufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplyfie the ſame, by the *Preſſe*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, deliuered it ouer to ſome *Stationers*, to haue onely ſo many *Copies*, as I intended to beſtow.

Yet conſidering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peraduenture, come

to the view of those Lines. I thought it not amisse, by way of Preuention, to remooue such Cauills as may be made against mee, by those vnto whom I am vnknowne. Not, that I care to giue euery idle *Reader*, an account of my Intentions : But to shew the *Ingenuous*, that the *Carelesnes* expressed in this *Motto*, proceeds from an vndistempered *Care*, to make all my Actions, (as neere as I can) such, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honest Man : And that those, who shall foolishly seeke (from thence) to picke aduantages against me : may know, I am too well aduised to write any thing, which they shall bee iustly able to interpret, either to my hinderance, or disparagement.

Let me want esteeme among all good men, if I purposed (or haue any secret desire in me) that any part of this, should be applied to any parricular man ; but so as euery one ought to apply things vnto his own Conscience; and he that beleeueth me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own heart ; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might haue some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the forme
of

of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution ; and to prevent such alterations, as Time and infirmites, may worke vpon mee. And if there bee no more reason inferr'd against me, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensive of : I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title of Honour* that could be given me ; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too ; will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessitie of this resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, *I care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent ; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all : for, I was loath to make a businesse, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so

strictly to keepe *High-wayes*, as hee that takes a Iourney.

If the intermixing of sleight and weighty things together, be offensive to any. Let them vnderstand, that if they well obserue it, they shall finde a seriousnessse, euen in that which they imagine least momentary. And if they had aswell obserued the conditions of men, as I haue done : they would perceiue that the greatest number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with points and Aples) must be drawne on with some friuolous expressions, or else will neuer listen to the graue precepts of Virtue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many Dishes of meate which we affect not may be so Cookt, that we shall haue a good appetit vnto them : So, many men who take no pleasure to seeke *Vertue* in graue Treatises of Morallitie, may (perhaps) finding her vnlookt for, masked vnder the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beauty.

The foolish *Canterbury Tale* in my *scourge of Vanity*, (which I am now almost ashamed to read ouer) euen that, hath bin by some prayسد for

for a witty passage : And I haue heard diuers,
seriously protest, that they haue much more
feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the
Vanity of the humor there skoffed at, by that
rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue
precepts of Phylosophy. And that makes me
oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their
vsefulnesse : which being considered according
to the Method of Art, and rules of Scholler-
ship, would seeme ridiculous.

But I vse more words for my Apology then
needes : If this will not giue you satisfaction,
I am sorry I haue said so much ; and, if you
know which way, satisfie your selues. For, how
I am resolued (if you thinke it worth the taking
notise of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

GEO : WITHER.



WITHER'S Motto.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Haue I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they storme? why let the; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder then their fury shall?
And if men causelesly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance sling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:
For if thou felst the temper of my soule,
And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.

Do not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare
From any priuate spleene, or malice here?

Do not I know that none will frowne at this,
But such as haue apparant guiltinesse;
Or such as must to shame and ruine runne,
As some, once ayming at my fall haue done?

And

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And can I feare those Idle scar-crowes then?
Those bugg-bear perils, those meere shades of men?
At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
Whose heart vpon the worlds vaine loue is set?

No; when this *Motto* first, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fashions sake:
But that it might expresse me as I am;
And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.
Which I resolute to be: For, could the eye
Of other men, within my breast espie
My Resolution, and the Cause thereof;
They durst not at this boldnesse make a skoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake;
For doubt some other may exceptions take?
If this Age hold; ere long we shall goe neere
Of eu'ry word of our, to stand in feare.
And (fue to one) if any should confesse
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse:
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himselfe; and so, a Libell make it.
Nay; We shall hardly be allowd to pray
Against a crying sinne; lest great men may
Suspect, that by a figure we intend
To point out them: and how they doe offend.
As I haue hope to prosper; e're I'll fall
To such a bondage, I'll aduenture all:
And make the whole world madd, to heare how I
Will fearelesse write and raile at Villany.
But oh! beware (gray-hayrd discretion sayes)
The Dogge fights well that out of danger playes.

For

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For now, these guilty Times so captious be
That such, as loue in speaking to be free ;
May for their freedome, to their cost be shent,
How harmelesse er'e they be, in their intent :
And such as of their future peace haue care,
Vnto the *Times* a little seruile are.

Pish; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus:
To doe a villany is dangerous ;
But in an honest action, my heart knowes
No more of feares, then dead-men doe of blowes.
And to be slaue to *Times*, is worse to me
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee *Critike* ; whatsoeuer Thou,
Or any man, of me shall censure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,
Or with a mind malicious, taxe my *Aduse*;
Shall nor by day awake, nor sleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height;
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where
I must in darkenesse, bolts of Iron weare.
For, I am not so ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate :
And what an honest man should still conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reueale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine:
These poore base fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a flye,
Or with such Groomes to soile my *Poesie*.
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.

If

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If on the top of honour, yet they be:
 Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
 May b'or, or shake the same: yea, whatsoere
 Their Titles cost, or they would faine appeare,
 They are ignoble, and beneath me farre;
 If with these measures they distempered are.
 For, if they had true Greatnesse, they would know,
 The spight of all the World, were farre below
 The seate of Noblest Honor; and that He,
 In whom true worth, and reall Vertues be,
 So well is arm'd: as that he feares no wrong
 From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
 Much lesse be startled at those Numbers would;
 Where Vertue's praised and proud Vice contrould.

Is any man the worse if I expresse
 My Wants, my Riches, or my Carelesnesse?
 Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,
 Be turn'd to any mans disparagement,
 If he be honest? Nay, those men will finde,
 A pleasure in this Discourse of my Minde,
 Who honour Vertue, and instead of blame,
 Will (as they haue done) loue me for the same.

You are decein'd, if the Bohemian State
 You thinke I touch; or the Palatinate:
 Or that this ought of Eighty-eight containes;
 The Powder-plot, or any thing of Spaines:
 That their Ambassador neede question me,
 Or bring me iustly for it on my knee.
 The state of those Occurrences I know
 Too well; my Raptures that way to bestow.

Nor

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Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you haue,
May play the foole, and if he list the knaue,
For ought here written : For it is not such
As you suppose; nor what you feare so much.

If I had beene dispos'd to Satyrize,
Would I haue ram'd my *Numbers* in this wise ?
No : I haue *Furies* that lye ty'd in chaines,
Bold (Eng^lish-mastive-like) aduentrons Straines:
Who fearelesse dare on any *Monster* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.
And I had let them loose, if I had list,
To play againe the sharpe-fangd *Satyr*ist.

That therefore you no more mis-title *This*,
I say, it is my *Motto*; and it is.

Ple haue it so ; For, if it please not me;
It shall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as foolishly,
As some doe their children ? Is it not,
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot ?
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,
To name your *Whelps*; and if you be so rude,
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in sport)
'Tis odds, but shee'l goe neere to scratch you for't.

Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye;
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it ouer. —————

————— So; the *Critick's* gone,
Who at these *Numbers* carpt ; and We alone:
Procede we to the matter. —————

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Some having seene, where I this Motto writ
Beneath my Picture; askt, what meained it.
And many in my absence, doe assay,
What by these words, they best coniecture may:
Some haue supposed, that it doth expresse,
An vnaduised, desperate Carelesnesse.
Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to set forth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell:
And (first) will, what I haue not, seeme to tell:
What things I want not, they will next declare:
And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.
But that they might not from my meaning err,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.

Some things I haue, which here I will not show;
Some things I want, which you shall neuer know:
And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow;
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occasion be thereof to speake;
Another time, we may the pleasure take.
That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)
Is what I neither haue, nor want, nor care for.

Nec

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Nec Habeo.

ANd first; that no man else may censure me,
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I haue not*; for, I'le not deny
To make confession of my pouerty.

I haue not of my selfe, the powre, or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute-space.

I haue not strength another word to write;

Or tell you what I purpose to indite:
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath.

I haue no natieue goodnesse in my soul;

But I was ouer all corrupt and foul:

And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*

That was not stain'd within me: not a thought.

I haue no proper merrit; neither will,

Or to resolute, or act but what is ill.

I haue no meanes of safety, or content,

In ought which mine owne wisdom can inuent.

Nor haue I reason to be desperate tho:

Because for this a remedy I know.

I haue no portion in the world like this,

That I may breath that ayre, which common is:

Nor haue I seene within this spacious Round;

What I haue worth my Ioy or sorrow found.

Except it hath for these that follow binne;

The Loue of my Redeemer, and my sin.

I none

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I none of those great Priuiledges haue,
 Which make the *Minions* of the Time, so braue.
I haue no sumptuous Pallaces, or Bowers
 That ouertop my neighbours with their Towrs.
I haue no large Demeanes or Princely Rents,
 Like those *Heroes*; nor their discontents.
I haue no glories from mine Auncesters;
 For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs,
Nor haue I basenes in my pedigree;
 For it is noble, though obscure it be.

I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
 Which men might heretofore, by *Vertue* gaine,
Nor haue I witt, if wealth were giuen me;
 To thinke, bought *Place* or *Title*, honour'd me.
I (yet) haue no beliefe that they are wise,
 Who for base ends, can basely temporise:
 Or that it will at length be ill for me,
 That I liu'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.

I haue no Causes in our Pleading Courts.
 Nor start I at our Chancery *Reports*.
 No fearefull *Bill* hath yet affrighted me,
 No *Motion*, *Order*, *Iudgement*, or *Decree*.
Nor haue I forced beene to tedious Iourneys,
 Betwixt my *Connfellors* and my *Attorneys*.
I haue no neede of those long-gowned warriors,
 Who play at *Westminster*, vnarm'd at *Barriers*:
 Nor gamster for those *Common-pleas* am I,
 Whose sport is marred, by the *Chancery*.

I haue no iuggling hand, no double tongue;
 Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.

I haue

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*I haue no shifts or cunning sleighes, on which
I feed my selfe, with hope of being rich.*

*Nor haue I one of these, to make me poore;
Hounds, Humors, running horses, Haukes, or VVhore,*

*I haue no pleasure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are*

*Obserr'd so seriously; that I must dance,
And act o're all the Complements of France,*

*And Spaine, and Italy; before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred Englishman:*

*And euery time we meet, be forc't agen,
To put in action that most idle Sceane.*

*Mong these, much precious time (vnto my cost)
And much true-bearty meaning haue I lost.*

*VVhich hauing found: I doe resoluë therefore,
To lose my Time, and Friendship, so no more.*

*I haue no Complements; but what may shew,
That I doe manners, and good breeding know.*

*For much I hate, the forced, Apish tricks,
Of those our home-disdaining Politicks:*

*VVho to the Forraine guise are so affected,
That English Honesty is quite reiected:*

*And in the stead thereof; they flourish home,
VVith shaddowes of Humanity doe come.*

*Oh! how iudicious in their owne esteeme,
And how compleatly, Trauelled they seeme;*

*If in the place of reall kindnesses,
(VVhich Nature could, haue taught them to expresse)*

*They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet:*

B

And

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And vie, in humble and kind speeches; when,
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane;
On this: too many falsely set their face,
Of Courtship and of wisdom: but tis base.
For, seruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borne a slaue; or to be poore.
I haue no pleasure, or delight in ought,
That by dissembling must to passe be brought.
If I dislike, I'll sooner tell them so,
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly show.
For he, who to be iust, hath an intent,
Needs nor dissemble, nor a lye inuent.
I rather wish to faile with honesty,
Then to preuaile in ought by treachery.
And with this minde I'll safer sleepe, then all
Our *Machauillian* Politicians shall.

I haue no Minde to flatter; though I might,
Be made some Lords companion; or a Knight.
Nor shall my Verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might starue, vnlesse it did doe so.

I haue no Muses that will serue the turne,
At euery Triumph; and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;
If with old *Sberry* they themselues inspire.
I am not of a temper, like to those,
That can prouide an houres sad ralle in *Prose*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

I can-

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I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,
 And then halfe tipfie, write an *Epitaph*;
 Or howle an *Epicædium* for each Groome,
 That is, by Fraud, or Nigardize, become
 A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
 That hath acquir'd the stile of Worshipfull,
 I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,
 Of some old rotten *Miser*, with my Verse:
 Nor like the *Poetasters* of the Time;
 Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,
 For euery Lord or Ladiship that dyes:
 And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize
 That muddy *Poesie*. Oh! how I scorne,
 Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
 Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
 At strangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,
 In counterfeiting Passion, when there's none,
 Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death;
 Who, (liuing) meritt nor, a minutes breath
 To keepe their *Fame* aliue, vales to blow,
 Some Trumpet which their blacke disgrace may show.

I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
 Vpon the praise of any man to dwell:
 Vlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth,
 To be the same, which I haue blazed forth.
 Had I some honest Suite; the gaine of which,
 Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:
 And that to compasse it, no meanes there were
 Vlesse I basely flatter'd some great Peere;

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Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get;
If on those termes I would endeaour it.

I haue not bin to their condition borne,
Who are inclined to respect, and scorne;
As men in their estates, doe rise or fall:
Or rich, or poore, I *Virtue* loue in all,
And where I finde it not, I doe despise.
To fawne on them; how high so-e're they rise,
For, where proud *Greatnesse* without worth I see:
Old *Mordecai* had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot giue a *Plaudis* (I protest)
When as his Lordship thinkes, he breakes a ieast,
Vnles it moue me; neither can I grin,
When he a causeles laughter doth begin.
I cannot sweare him, truly honourable;
Because he once receiu'd me to his table;
And talk't as if the *Muses* glad might be,
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
His slender worth, I could not blaze on so,
By strange *Hyporboles*, as some would do.
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Virtue* euer car'd
To giue or take, (for praise) what I haue heard.

For if we peyze them well; what goodly grace,
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or such; that we, the owners should commend,
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?
If beautifull he be, what honour's that?
As faire as he is many a Beggers brat.

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If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Those Titles, he may haue and be a foole.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell:
A thousand Villanies, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;
Why, so hath many a bloody Traytor bin.
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list, vpon his prayses dwell.
Some other worth I finde, ere I haue sense
Of any praise-deseruing excellence.

I haue no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart, they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme,
To fall from my opinion or esteeme:)
For precious Time, in idle would be spent;
If I with All, should alwayes complement.
And till, my loue I may to purpose show;
I care not wher' they thinke I loue or no.
For sure I am, if any finde me chang'd;
Their greatnes, nor their meannesse me estrang'd.

I haue not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
Because I saw them, either rich, or poore;
But as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,
I such esteem'd them, whosoe're they were.

I haue no trust, or confidence in friends,
That seeke to know me, meerly for their ends,
Nor haue I euer said, *I loued yet;*
Where I expected more then *Loue* for it,

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And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd
By twenty-fold, when I my kindnes show,
Then when their fauours they on me bestow.

I haue not that vile minde; nor shall my brest
For euer, with such basenes be posselt;
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)
To vtter ought committed to my trust
In time of friendship: though constrained so,
That want of telling it, should me vndo.
For, whosoe'er hath trust repos'd in me;
Shall euer find me true, though false he be.

I haue no loue to Countrey, Prince or Friend;
That can be more, or lesse, or haue an end.
For whatsoeuer state they rais'd me to;
I would not loue them; better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they should
Heape all the scorn, and iniury they could.

I haue no doting humor, to affect,
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect.
I neuer was with melancholy fit
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,
As that vnghently to my friends I spake;
Or heed to their contentment, did not take:
Nor haue I felt my Anger so inflam'd
But that with gentle speach it might be tam'd.

I haue no priuate cause of discontent;
Nor grudge against the publike government.
I haue no spight, or enue in my brest,
Nor doth anothers peace disturbe my rest.

I haue

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I haue not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men haue; who, so they may berich,
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought ashamed are,
In vile, and rascall Suites to haue a share.
For I their basenes scorne: and euer loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd,
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,
VVith what, by soule oppression hath bene gain'd.

I haue not bene enamor'd on the Fate
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate,
I neuer yet a Fauorite did see
So happy, that I wished to be hee:
Nor would I, whatsoe're of me became;
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,
Vnseene, within the closet of my minde:
Giue more assurance of true happines,
Then any outward glories can expresse.
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes soe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to see:
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more dispild were.

I haue not hitherto divulged ought,
VVherein my words dissented from my thought.
Nor would I faile; if I might able be,
To make my manners, and my words agree.
I haue not bene ashamed to confesse
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindnesses,

WITHERS MOTTO.

Of pooreſt men: Nor haue I proud beene made,
By any fauor from a great Man; had

I haue not plac't ſo much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
The loſſe of them; more then may ſeemely be,
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.
For, I haue knowne the worſt of being poore;
Yea loſt, when I to loſe haue had no more,
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are:

Yet, He that mindes his End, obſerues his Ward,
The Meanes perſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd;
Dares, *Scorne* and Pouerty as boldly meete;
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.

For thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud *World*,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:

Are in the *Maſter-prize*, that trieth men;
And *Vertue* fighteth her brau'ſt Combaſt, then,

I no Antipathy (as yet) *haue* had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:
For if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon:
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I haue knowne.)

I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,
But with a *Iewe*, or *Spaniard* can accord,
As well, as with my Brother; if I finde
He beare a Vertuous, and Heroick minde.

Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.

Thoſe

WITHERS MOTTO.

Those Linsy-woolsie people, who are neither
French, English, Scots, nor Dutch: but altogether
Those, I affect not; rather wish I could,
That they were fish, or flesh, or hott, or cold:
But none among all them, worse brooke I, then
Our meere Hispaniolized *English men*.

And if we scape their Trecheries at home,
I'll feare no mischies, where so'ere I come.

I haue not fear'd who my Religion knowes:
Nor euer for preferment, made I shewes
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't, to put on worse array,
Vpon my Body; I will euer finde,
Meanes so maintaine, a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine: and weare it, in the sight
Of all the world: in all the worlds despight.

I, their presumption, *haue not*, who dare blame,
A fault in others; and correct the same
With grieuous punishments: yet guilty be,
Of those offences in more high degree.
For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what vnmoued hearts of Flint and Brasse)
Haue those corrupted *Magistrates*, who dare,
Vpon the seat of Iudgement sit; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God;
(Against offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their bosomes are?
Who; when (enthron'd for Iustice) they behold,
A reuerend *Magistrate*, both graue, and old:

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And heare how sternly, he doth aggrauate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate :
How much the fact he seemeth to abhor ;
How he, a iust correction labours for ;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath florist long
Such wickednes should raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.

Who, that obserues all this ; would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee,
Some Innocent (by law) to murder there ?
Or else, from Children fatherles to teare
Their iust Inheritance ? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amisse)
He could goe sleepe vpon a deed so foule ;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule ?
I haue not a stupidity so madd,
And this presumption, I would no man hadd.

I haue no question made, but some there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they shall heare;
Will haue a better stomacke, to procure
That I may check, or punishment endure,
Then their owne euill manners to amend :
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
Fal'ne, and each minute falling to disgrace ;
(For lesse offences farre then they commit)
Without remorse, and penitence they sit.
As if that They, (and they all one) had binne,
Without the compasse of reproofe of sinne.

I haue

WITHERS MOTTO.

I haue no great opinion of their wit,
Nor euer saw their actions prosper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne deuises be;
And will nor counsell heare, nor danger see;
That is foretold them by their truest friends:
But rather, list to them, who for their ends
Doe sooth their fancies. And the best excuse;
That such men can, to hide their folly vse;
(When all their idle proiects come to nought)
Are these words of the foole. *I had not thought.*

I haue not their delight, who pleasure take
At Natures imperfections scoffes to make,
Nor haue I bitternes against that sinne,
Which thorow weakenes hath committed bin.
(For I my selfe, am to offences prone;
And euery day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

I haue not so much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in question; neither wit so small,
To wast my spirits, those things to attaine;
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.

I haue not so much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies: neither haue I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well suffice
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

I haue not done, so many a holy deed;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST*, I haue no need.
And my *good-workes* I hope are not so few;
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they shew.

I haue

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I haue not found ability so much,
To carry Millstones; yea, and were it such,
I should not greatly vaunt it: for, in this,
A scurvie pack-horse farre my better is.
I loue his manly strength, that can resist
His owne desires: force passage when he list
Through all his strong affections, and subdue,
The stout attempts of that rebellious crew.
This, were a brauer strength then Sampson got;
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.*

*I haue not so much heedlesnes of things,
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low station, I can see
A Princes loue may oft abused be.
For many men their Country iniure dare
At home; where, all our eyes vpon them are,
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The trust abroad, be not abused more.*

*I haue no Brother, but of younger age,
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage:
And with that land, let me inherit shame;
Vnlesse I grieve when I possesse the same,*

*The value of a penny haue I not,
That was by bribry, or extortion got.
I haue no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.
And hitherto, I thinke, I haue beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphants cursing me.*

*The Spleene, the Collicke, or the Lysbargy,
Gouts, Palsies, Dropfies, or a Lunacy.*

I (by

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I (by inheritance) *haue none* of these :
Nor raigning sinne ; nor any soule disease.

I haue no debts, but such as (when I can)
I meane to pay ; nor is there any man
(To whom I stand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Shall losse sustaine, though I should dye to morrow
And if they should (so much my friends they be)
Their greatest losse the'le thinke the losse of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loues, or to be idly spent.

Except the *Deuill*, and that cursed brood,
VVhich haue dependance on his Deuill-hood,
I know *no foes I haue* ; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
VVho would not, if some iust occasions were ;
(Eu'n in his height of spleene) my life to saue,
Aduenture with one foot, into his graue.

To make me carefull ; Children *I haue none* ;
Nor haue I, any VVife to get them on ;
Nor haue I, (yet to keepe her) had I one ;
Nor can this spoyle my Marriage being knowne.
Since I am sure, I was not borne for her,
That shall before my worth, her wealth prefer :
For, I doe set my Vertues, at a rate,
As high as any prize their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much cost,
In keeping it my selfe there's nothing lost.
For, she I wed, shall somewhat thinke in me
More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO:

And if I finde not one, of such a minde,
(As such indeed, are Jewels rare to finde)
Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye:
And neuer touch a woman till I dye.

For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Vsurer)
His father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Aboue foure times a thousand pounds a yeare,
So worthily or so confident become?
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall somme,
Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?
Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds
A gaming vaine; a deepe mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three cast of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Sixe hunting Naggs, and five more for the race:
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)
Physitians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
And twenty other humors to maintaine;
(Beside the yearely charges of his traine)
With this reuenuē? Most of which, or all
To morgage must be set? perhaps to sale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his crasie body from the Iayle?
Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store
(And in all honesty and Vertues poore)
Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire?
And is it likely, that I can dispaire
To be as happy, if I seeke it would?
Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold;

That

WITHER'S MOTTO.

That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,
I can in spight of it be rich, and great?

A silly Gidle, no sooner vnderstands,
That shee is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greatest part, who neare about her dwell:
But straight begins to rate, and prize her selfe
According to the value of her pelfe.
And though to Gentry, nor good breeding born;
Can all, that haue estates beneath her, scorn.

This wit a *Woman* hath: and shall not I,
Who know I haue a *Wealib*, which none can buy
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then sutes vnto a hundred pounds a yeere?
Shall loue of Truth, and Verrue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth possesse
In outward fortunes neither more nor lesse?

Haue I oft heard so many faire ones plaine
How fruitles Titles are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind?
Haue sayrest Ladies often sworne to me
That if they might, but onely *Mistresse* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all these glories, which the most adore:
Haue I obseru'd how hard it is to find
A constant heart? a iust and honest mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How scanty true affection is? how rare?

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,
As hath conceiu'd an honest thought to day:
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endear me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes? or else vndoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath out-liu'd her teeth?
I'll rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-brad*.

I haue no loue to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, as soone as blowne.
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within;
Haue little power my respect to win.
Nor haue I, yet, that stupid loue to pelfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female; berwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the soule, a marriage be.
For whosoener ioyne without that care;
Foolles, and accursed in their matches are;
And so are you, that either heare or view
What I auerr; vnlesse you thinke it true.

I haue no meaning, whensoere I wed,
That my companion, shall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might.
Not though a Dutchesse: for, the meanes Ile vse
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose,
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be:
I that respect, would still expect to haue,
Which might become her Husband: not her slave.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And should I spouse a Begger; I would shew,
What loue, and honor, to a wife were due,
I haue not, yet, of any skorned binne;
Whole good opinion, I haue sought to winne;
Nor haue I (when I meane to wor) a feare,
That any man, shall make me, willow weare.

I haue not, eyes so excellent, to see
Things (as some men can do) before they be.
Nor purblind sight; which crimes farre off can marke
Yet seeme, no faults, which are more neare me, dark.
I haue not cares for euery tale that's told:
Nor memory, things friuolous to hold.
I haue not their credulity that dare,
Giue credit vnto all reports they heare.
Nor haue I subiect to their dulnes beene,
Who can beleue no more then they haue scene.

I haue not feeling of those wrongs that be
By base vnworthy fellowes, offerd me:
For, my contentment; and my glory, lyes
Above the pitch, their spight, or malice flies.

I haue not neede enough, as yet, to serue;
Nor impudence to graue, till I deserue.
I haue not hope, the worlds esteeme to get:
Nor could a foole, or knaue, e're brooke me yet.
I haue not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake: or friendship to betray.
Nor haue I so much loue to life, that I
Would seeke to saue it by dishonesty:

I haue not Cowardise enough to feare,
In honest actions; though my death be there:

C

Nor

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne:
Though I with safety, large renowne might winne;
And for omitting it, were sure to dye,
Ne'r to be thought on, but with infamy.

I haue not their base cruelty, who can
Insult, vpon an ouer-griued man:
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow.
For, I protest, no villany I know
That could be done me; but if I perceiu'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning grieu'd:
I truly could forgieue him; as if hee
Had neuer in a thought abused mee.
And if my loue to mercy, I belye
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.

I haue not that unhappinesse, to be
A Rich mans Sonne; For he had trained me,
In some vaine path; and I had neuer sought,
That knowledge which my pouerty hath taught.

I haue no inclination to respect
Each vulgar complement, nor neglect
An honest shew of friendship: For, I swear,
I rather wish, that I deceiu'd were;
Then of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were giuen me.

I haue no Constitution, to accord
To ought dishonest, sooner for a Lord,
Then for his meanest Groome; and hopes there be
It neuer will be otherwise with me.

I haue no pollicies to make me seeme
A man well worthy of the worlds esteeme.

Nor

WITHERS MOTTO.

*Nor haue I hope, I shall hereafter grow,
To any more regard, for saying so;*

*I haue no doubt, though here a slighted thing;
But I am fauorite, to Heau'ns great King.
Nor haue I feare but all thars good in me;
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.*

*But yet, I haue not that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich:
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth esteeme;
To whom the riches of the minde, doe seeme
A scornefull pouerty. But let that go,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.
Nor haue I power to teach them: for if I,
Should here consume my gift of Poesie:
'And wholly wast my spirits, to expresse
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)
It were impossible, to moue the sense
Of those braue things, in their intelligence.*

*I haue not found, on what I may relie;
Vnlesse it carry some Diuinitie
To make me confident: for, all the glory,
And all hopes faile; in things meere transitory.*

*What man is there among vs, doth not knowe,
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,
Of many a hundred goodly things possesse;
That shall haue nought to morrow but a Chest,
And one poore Sheet to lie in? What I may,
Next morning haue, I know not; But to day,
A Friend, Meate, Drinke, and fitting Clothes to weare;
Some Bookes and Papers, which my Jewels are;*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

A *Servant* and a *Horse*: all this I haue,
And when I dye, one promist me a *Grave*.
A *Grave*; that quiet closet of Content:
And I haue built my selfe a *Monument*.
But (as I liue) excepting onely this;
(Which of my wealth the *Inventory*, is)
I haue so little; I my oath might saue:
If I should take it, that I, *nothing haue*.

Nec Cared.

And yet, what *want I*? or who knoweth how,
I may be richer made then I am now?
Or what great *Pecore*, or wealthy *Alderman*,
Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can?
I nothing want that needfull is to haue;
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.
For; as we see, the smallest *Vials*, may
As full as greatest *Glasses* be; though they
Much lesse containe: So, my small portion giues
That full content to me; in which he liues,
Who most possesseth: and with larger store,
I might fill others, but my selfe, no more.

I want not Temperance to rest content
With what the prouidence of God, hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiencie, to know;
Which way to vse it, if he more bestow.
For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:

And

WIT HER'S MOTTO.

And, as when one small Bowle might quench my thirst
To lift a Vessel, that my backe might burst
Were wondrous folly : So absurd a thing,
It were in me ; should I neglect a Spring,
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)
To dwell by some small *Poole* that would be dry ?
If therefore ought doe happen in the way ;
Which on a iust occasion seeke I may :
I want not resolution, to make tryall ;
Nor want I patience, if I haue deniall.

Men aske me what Preferment I haue gain'd ?
VWhat riches, by my Studies are attain'd ?
And those that fed, and satned are with drasse
For their destruction ; please themselves to laugh
At my low Fate ; As if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cause they saw it not.
Alas ! that Mole-ey'd issue, cannot see,
VWhat Patrimonies, are bestow'd on mee.
There is a brauer wealthinesse, then what ;
They, (by abundance) haue arriued at.
Had I their wealth I should not sleepe the more
Securely for it ; and, were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men Shipwrackt are ;
I should (of poverty) haue no more feare,
Then if I had the Riches and the powers ;
Of all the Easterne Kings, and Emperors.
For, Grassse though trod into the earth may grow ;
And highest Cedars, haue an ouerthrow.
Yea. I haue scene, as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth ; and much prospe i'y ;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As haue by want mis-done. And for each one,
VVhom by his riches, I aduanc't haue knowne;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Haue raisd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.

To what contents doe men most wealthy mount,
VVhich I inioy not; if their Cares we count:
My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates vnto my taste, as pleasing are,
I feed enough my hunger to suffice:
I sleep, till I my selfe, am pleasd to rise.
My Dreames as sweet, and full of quiet be:
My waking cares, as seldome trouble me.
I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day:
And sport, and laugh, and sing, as well as they.
I breath as wholsome, and as sweet an Ayre;
As louing as my *Mistresse*, and as faire.
My body is as healthy; and I finde,
As little cause of sicknesse, in my minde.
I am as wise, I thinke, as some of those;
And oft my selfe as foolishly dispose:
For, of the wisest, I am none (as yet)
And I haue nigh, as little haire, as wit:
Of neither, haue I ought to let to farme,
Nor so much want I, as may keepe me warme.

I finde my Liuer sound, my Ioynts well knit:
Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feed I;
No Meates restorative, to raise me, need I:
Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things consecret,
To take away the stinke, of Lungs infected,

I neu'r

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I neu'r in need of *Pothicary* stood.
Or any *Surgeons* hand to let me blood:
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*.

As good as other mens, my senses be;
Each limbe I haue, as able is in me.
And whether I, as louely be, or no:
Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthiest men, no benefits possesse,
But I haue such; or better, in their place.
As they my low condition, can contemne;
So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre,
As some mens, that with Titles laden are.
Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,
Then many, haue with helpe of others gain'd.
And my esteeme, I will not change for their,
Whose For unes are ten thousand more a yeare.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse;
That God is Author of this happinesse.

I want not so much iudgement, as to see
There must twixt men and men, a difference be,
And I, of those in place, account doe make,
(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.
But I could stoope to serue them at their feet,
Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.

To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense:
Nor want I will to grieue, for my offence.
To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;
Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall;
I want not hope, but I preserue it shall.*

*I want no slanders; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall humors, of the vaine
And giddy multitude, And (trust me) they
So farre vnable are to talke away
My resolution; that no more it feares
The worst their ignorance, or malice dares :
Then doth the Moore, when doggs and birds of night,
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would :
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.*

*I want nor wit, nor honesty enough
To keepe my hand, from such base Rascall stuffe,
As if a Libell: For, although I shall
Sometime let flye, at Vice in generall,
I spare particulars; Nor shall a Knaue
In my Lines liue, so much as shame to haue.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rot;
That all his memory may be forgot.*

*I want not so much Knowledge, as to know,
True Wisdom, lies not in a glorious show
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authority innumerable.*

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,
Who make good vse of eu'ry creature can :
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,
Contentment drawes; (and keepe a Conscience still,
To witnesse his endeavors to be good)
That man is wisest; though he vnderstood
The language of no countrey but his owne,
Nor euer had the vse of Letters knowne.

To make faire shewes, of *Honesty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion*, are the parts
This Age doth strive to play : but few there are,
Who truly are the same they doe appeare.
And this is that, which daily makes vs see
So many, whom we honest thought to be,
And Wise, and learned, (while some *Seanes* doe last)
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before their *All* be past.

I want not sence, of those Mens miseries;
Who lul'd asleepe in their prosperities
Must shortly fall; and with a heauy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleasures vanish by:
And how that *Mistresse* they so doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with scorne be gon.
I feele me thinks with what a drooping heart,
They, and their idle hopes, begin to part :
And with what mighty burchens of vnrest
Their poore distemperd soules, will be oppress.
How much they will repent I doe foresee;
How much confused, and asham'd they'l be,
And as I praise their doome; eu'n so I pray,
Their shame, and sorrow, worke their comfort may.

I want

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I want not much experiment, to show
That all is good God pleaseth to bestow;
(What shape soeuer he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes haue bin;
And I haue trust, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, eternall comforts home.*

*I doe not finde, within me, other feares;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeares.
I haue a conscience that is cleane within;
For, (though I guilty am of many a sinne)
A kinde redeemer, I haue found, and he
His Righteousnes imputeth vnto me.*

*The Greatest, haue no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a Want, or Misery.
I can aswell, to passion set a bound:
I brooke aswell the smarting of a wound.
Aswell endure I, to be hunger-bit;
Aswell can wrestle, with an ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their l'me sure;
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my dearest friends excused be,
From heaping scorne, or iniuries on me;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,
To brooke as much, before it shrinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the noblest Titles were;
And slight as much their frown that might'st are.
For, if in me at any time appeare,
A bashfulness (which some mistitle, feare)
It is in doubt, least I through folly may
Some things vnfitting me; or doe, or say:*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But not that I am fearefull to be shent;
For dread of Men, or feare of punishment.

And yet, *no faults I want; nor want in me,*
Affections which in other men there be.

As much I hate an incivility;
As much am taken with a Courtesie;
As much abhor I, brutish Vanities;
As much allow I, Christian Liberties;
As soone an iniury, I can perceiue;
And with as free a heart, I can forgiue.
My hand, in Anger, I as well can stay;
And I dare strike as stout a man as they;
And when I know, that I amisse haue done;
I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions, more then others be:
I haue more comforts, to keepe heart in me.
I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high:
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.

I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor spight,
Nor grim Aduersity, shall stop this flight:
But that vndaunted, I my course shall hold,
Though twenty thousand Devils crosse me should.

Yet (I confesse) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like some Infant am, of tender age;
For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath
Strai'd in some Groue, through many a crooked path:
Is sometime hopefull, that he findes the way;
And sometime doubtfull, he runs more astray.
Sometime, with faire, and easie paths, doth meet;
Sometime with rougher tracts, that stay his feet.

Here

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Here runnes, there goes, and yon amazed staves :
Now cries, and straight for gets his care, and playes.
Then hearing where his louing Father calls,
Makes haste ; but through a zeale il-guided, falls ;
Or runnes some other way : Vntill that *He*,
(Whos loue is more, then his endeauours be)
To seeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himselfe doth come,
And take him, in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this Life, this Groue of ignorance ;
As to my homeward, I my selfe aduance ;
Sometime aright, and sometime wrong I goe ;
Sometime, my pace is speedy, sometime slow ;
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall :
Sometime I sing, sometime for helpe I call.
One while, my wayes are pleasant vnto me ;
Another while, as full of Cares they be :
Now, I haue Courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe dejected are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe ;
And many a change of Passions I sustaine,
In this my Iourney : So that now and then,
I lost may seeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my selfe a while, when sinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obscure,
But (whatsoe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who aboue the Cloudes doe dwell)
An eye vpon his wandring Childe doth cast :
And He, will fetch me, to my home at last.
For, of Gods loue, a Witnesse want not I ;
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue within my breast, a little Heart,
Which seemes to be composed, of a part,
Of all my Friends : For, (truly) whensoever
They suffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no sooner a Complaint doe make,
But presently, it falls to paine, and ake.

I haue a Loue, that is as strong as Fate,
And such, as cannot be impair'd by Hate.
And (whatsoever the successe may proue)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Loue.

These, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich ;
These, while I doe possesse, *I want not* much ;
And I so happy am, that still I beare,
These Riches with me : and so safe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuice of man,
Or Tyrants powre, deprive me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile ;
More Treasure, I should carry from this *Ile* ;
Then should be sold ; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spain*.
For, this makes sweet my life ; and when I dye,
Will bring the sleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, such as greatest pompe, in life time haue ;
Shall finde no warmer lodging, in their Graue.

Besides ; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket proofe ;
My Innocence, is guardian strong enough.
I want no Title ; for, to be the Sonne,
Of the *Almighty* ; is a glorious one :

I want

WITHERS MOTTO.

I want no Followers : for, through Faith I see
A troupe of Angels, still attending me.

Through want of Friendship, need I not repine,
For God and Goodmen, are still friends of mine.
And when I iourney to the North, the East,
The pleasant South, or to the fertile West;
I cannot want for profferd Courtesies,
As farre as our Great-Britaines Empire lies.
In euery Shire, and Corner of the Land,
To welcome me, doe Houses open stand,
Of best esteeme : And Strangers to my face,
Haue thought me worth the Feasting, & more grace
Then I will boast of : lest you may suspect,
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect.
Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
And sought it, though not wealth, nor Place I had,
For their aduantage, And, if some more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall vnto me,
Their troupe of Followers would as slender be :
And those mong whom, they now esteeme haue won,
Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.

I want no Office ; for (though none be voyde)
A Christian findes, he may be still employd.
I want no Pleasures, for I pleasures make,
What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I,
Am one, of that renown'd Societie :
Which by the Name we carry, first was knowne,
At Antioch, so many yeares agoe.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And greatest Kings, themselves haue happy thought
That to this noble Order, they were brought.

I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My *Prayers*, are my Sword; my *Faith*, my Shield;
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.
And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, & more high the Wall.

A thousand other Priuiledges more,
I doe possesse; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing haue; *I nothing want.*

And did the *King*, but know how rich I were;
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would swear,
That were he not the *King*; I had beene *Hee*,
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

Nec Curo. *Not Care I.*

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*.
And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Minde to sleight at it.

Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow?
Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected *Greatnesse* scorne:
I doe disdain her glories and contemne,
Those muddy spirits that deligit in them.

I care

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse he be as good, as great in place.*

For no mans spight, or enuie doe I care:

For none haue spight at me, that honest are.

I care not for that baser wealth in which

Vice may become, as well as Vertue rich.

I care not for their friendship, who haue spent,

Loues best expressions, in inere Complement:

Nor for those Fauors (though a Queenes they were)

In which I thought another had a share.

I care not for their Prayse, who doe not show,

That in their liues, which they in words allow,

A rush I care not who condemneth me;

That sees not what, my Soules intentions bee.

I care not though to all men knowne it were,

Both whom I loue, or hate; For none I feare.

I care not though some Courtiers still prefere,

The Parasite, and smooth-tongu'd Flatterer,

Before my bold truth speaking Lines, And here,

If these should anger them, I doe not care.

I care not for that goodly Precious Stone;

Which Chymists haue so fondly doted on.

Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I

Were of the Rose-Crosse, Fraternity:

For, I the world too well haue vnderstood,

As to be gall'd with such a Brother-hood.

I care for no more knowledge, then to know:

What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.

For outward Beauties I doe nothing care;

So I within, my faire to God appeare:

No

WITHER'S MOTTO.

No other liberty *I care* to winne,
But to be wholly free-ed from my sinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilst I haue breath)
Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.
Nor can the Earth affoord a happinesse
That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse*.

For such a *Life* I soone should *Careles* grow,
In which I had not leasure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make :
Nor for that *Wisdome*, doe I greatly *care* ;
Which would not make me somewhat honefter.
Nor for that morall *Honestie*, that shall
Refuse to ioyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous seeming *Piety*.
Which wanteth loue and morrall *Honesty*.
Nor for their *Loues*, whose base affections be,
More for their lust, then for ought good in me.
Nor, for ought *good* within me should I care,
But that, they sprincklings of Gods goodnesse are.

For many Bookes *I care not* ; and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more,
Then Gods two *Testaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volume*, which the *World* we call.
For, these well lookt on, well in mind preferu'd ;
The present Ages passages obseru'd :
My priuate *Actions*, seriously oreview'd.
My thoughts recald, and what of them ensu'd :
Are Bookes, which better farre, instruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-workes of Man ?

WITHER'S MOTTO:

And some of These, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatsoe're I do.

I care not though a sight of Idle *Gulls*,
(With lauish tongues and enet-empty skulls)
Doe let my better temperd Labours lye;
And since, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* flie,
Say I am Idle, and doe nothing now.
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to cast away
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.
I much disdaine it: For, these Blockes be Those,
That vse to read my *Verse* like ragged *Prose*;
And such as (so their Bookes be new), ne're care
Of what esteeme, nor of what vse they are.

I care not, though a vaine and spungy crew,
Of shallow *Critickes*, in each *Tauerne* spew
Their drunken censures on my Poesie,
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.
These poore, betattered *Rimers* (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired can
Some fustian language vtter, which doth seeme
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.
But those base Iuie-Poets neuer knew,
Which way, a sprightly, honest Rapture flew:
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.

Those needy *Poetasters*; to preferr
Their nasty stuffe, to som: dull *Stationer*;
With *Impudence* extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke shall sell him,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
As euer of my *Satyr*s, haue been sold,
Yet, ere a twelue moneth by the walls it lies,
Or to the Kitchen or the Pastry hies.
Sometime, that these meris Rymes may heeded be,
They giue (forfooth) a secret Ierke at me.
But so obscurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine,
And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine.
For I can keepe my way, and carelesse be,
Though twenty snarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at,
(And vex themselves) with laughing, I am fat.

I am not much inquisitiue to know,
For what braue Action our last Fleet did go:
What men abroad performe, or what at home,
Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope of Rome*;
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are;
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre;
Whether *Mogul*, the *Sophy* *Prester-lohn*,
The Duke of *China* or the Ile *Iaphan*,
The mightier be: for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heede (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Not for because I carelesse am become,
Of the neglected State of *Christendome*.
But, cause (I am assur'd) what euer shall
Vnto the Church, or *Common-wealth* befall;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

(Through *Sathans* spight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Policy*)

Gods promise to his glory shall preuaile :

Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,

And they lye smeking, in th' infernall Pit ;

Then *Truth* and *Vertue*, shall in Glory sit.

Those, who in lone to things that wicked are,

And those, who through Cowardize and feare,

Became the damned Instruments, whereby

To set vp *Vice* and *falsehoods* Tyranny ;

Eu'n those shall perish by their owne offence :

And they who loued *Truth* and *Innocence*,

Out of oppresion shall aduance their head :

And on the ruines of those *Tyrants* tread.

Oh ! let that *Truth* and *Innocence*, in me
For euer vndefil'd preserued be :

And let me liue no more : if then *I care*,

How many miseries I liue to beare.

For, well I know, I should not weigh how great,

The perils are, that my destruction threat.

Nor chaynes, nor dungeons should my soule affright,

Nor grimmest Apparitions of the Night :

Though men from Hell could of the Deuill borrow,

Those vgly prospects, to augment my sorrow.

But proue me guilty ; and my Conscience than

Inflicts more smart, then bloody Tortures can.

And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme ;

Then I my selfe, vnto my selfe should seeme.

If good, and honest my endeauors be,

What day they were begun ne're troubles me.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or shine, or freeze, or haile, or snow :
Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring* ;
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
Or first the Nightingale : *nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are.
What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not at all* ;
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall ;
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show ;
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.*

*I doe not care to be inquisitiue,
How many weekes, or months, I haue to liue.
For, how is it like, that I should better grow,
When I my Time shall twelue month longer know ;
If I dare act, a Villany and yet,
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it ?*

Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
Be fluens vnto an *Ephemerides*.
Search *Constellations*, and themselues apply ;
To find the *Fate* of their *Natiuitie*.
Ile seeke within me; and if there I find,
Those *Stars*, that should giue light vnto my mind,
Rise faire and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aspect.
If in coniunction, there perceiue I may
True *Vertue* and *Religion* every day :
And walke according to that influence,
Which is deriued vnto me from thence :
I feare no Fortunes, whatsoe're they be,
Nor care I, what my Stars doe threaten me;

WITHERS MOTTO.

For He, who to that State can once attaine,
Aboue the power of all the Starres doth raigne.
And he that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
In my Conceit is farre a happier man,
Then such, as but foretell mis-fortunes can.

I start not at a *Friers* prophecy,
Or those with which we *Merlin* doe bely.
Nor am I frighted with the sad relation,
Of any neare-approaching Alteration.
For things haue euer chang'd, and euer shall,
Vntill there be a change run ouer AH.
And he that beares an honest heart about him,
Needes neuer feare, what changes be without him.

The *Easterne* Kingdomes, had their times to floure;
The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish;
That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began;
Now scourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the course of things around must run,
Till they haue ending, where they first begun,
What is't to me? who peraduenture must,
Ere that befall, lie moulther'd into dust.

What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
And all those Iles adioyning, lately found?
(Which we more truely may a *Desert* call,
Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)
What then? if there the *Wildernesse* doe lye,
To which the *Woman*, and her *Souxe* must flie,
To scape the *Dragons* furie; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thanklesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And all abomination) scourged are,
With Barbarisme as their neighbours were?
If thus God please to doe; and make our sin
The cause of bringing o her *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleased was,
The *Gentiles* calling should be brought to passe,
The better, by the *Iewish* vnbeliefe,)
Why, should his pleasure be my care, or grieve?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow;
Although my ruine helpe to make it so.
So I, my duty in my place haue done,
I *care not* greatly, what succeed thereon:
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.
I hate, to haue a thought o're-serious spent,
In things meere triuiall, or indifferent,
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I *care not*, whether it be flesh or fish;
Or any thing, so wholesome foode it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carue to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none;
For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I *care not*, at your Table where I sit;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in skoffe,
To feed among your Groomes be turned off,
For I am sure that no affront can blot,
His Reputation, that deserues it not.
To be ore curious, I doe not professe;
Nor euer car'd I, for vncleanlinesse.

WITHERS'S MOTTO.

For I nere loued that Phylosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slouely.

I care not what yon weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be,
Yet to be singular in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique garb our Gallants weare :
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder, taketh note,
How they still keepe their Grandsires russet Coate :
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashions, that last extant be.

I care for no more Credit, then will serue,
The honour of the *Vertuous* to preſerue :
For, if the ſhowes of honeſty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemish be ;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falſly be accus'd of Villany :
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no ;
I ſhould not thinke the World, worth telling ſo,
Becaule to moſt men, nothing bad doth ſeeme,
Nor nothing vertuous; but as vnto them,
Occaſion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, fouleſt Crimes, while they vnpu niſht are :
Or bring in profit, no diſgrace are thought ;
And trueſt Vertues, poore, are ſet at naught.

I care for no more Pleaſures then will make,
The Way which I intend to vndertake,
So paſſible; that my vnwealdy loade
Of frailties, incident to fleſh and blood

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Discourage not my willing soule from that,
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.

I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.

I care for no more Money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I neede not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.

What Kings, and States-men meane; *I doe not care* ;
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are :

For priuate censures, helpe not any way,
But iniure them in their proceedings may.
Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue seene,
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged been.
Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.

For, all the fauours, gifts and places, which
Should honour them; doe but these men enrich.
With those, they further their owne priuate ends :
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends :
Gaine new Associates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,
Of such as are about them; For those be
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thanks hath He,
Because the Grants of *Pension*, and of *Place* ;
Are taken as Their fauors, not *His* grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)
When these the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,
And grind the faces of the poore, aliue ;
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue.

They

WITHER'S MOTTO.

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany ;
And when *He* thinkes they serue him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conscience to ;
By Vertue of his *Name* they perpetrate
A world of Mischiefes : They abuse the State ;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace ;
Bring their debauched Followers into grace ;
His Coffers rob ; yea (worse farre they vse *Him*)
The true affections of his people loose Him :
And make those hearts (which did in him belieue,
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieve.

Now, (by that Loyaltie I owe my Prince)
This of all Treason, is the Quintessence.
A Treason so abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe so odious be.
Not though my death they plotted ; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are
Then twenty Kingdomes, and ten thousand liues.
And, whosoever, Me of that depriues :
I find it would, a great deale harder be,
To moue my heart to pardon ; then if he
Conspired had, (when I least thought the same)
To root out my posterity and *Name*.

Who next in *Court* shall fall, *I doe not care* :
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, so,
That his disgrace shall be my ouerthrow.

I care as little, who shall next arise ;
For none of my Ambition that way lyes.

Those

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those rising *Starres*, would nener deigne to shine,
On any good endeauour, yet, of mine.
Nor can I thinke there shall hereafter be,
A man amongst them, that will fauour Me.
For, I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them,
And loue too much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.

If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can as well believe it to be so,
As if twere writ, three thousand yeeres ago.
And where I find good ground for my assent,
I'll not be halter'd to a *President*.

If men speake reason, tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenent*, *Aristotles* be;
Or some *Barbarian*, who scarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names* the *Arts* we fit;
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Fable*, or some renown'd *Philosopher*.

In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;
Nor priuate *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*; and that *Church* Authoritie,
Which with the ancient *Faith* doth best agree,
But new opinions will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me, who my teachers were.
In points of *Faith* I looke not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without iust prooffe perswade me to,
Then any honest *Parish-Clarke* can do.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO.

The ancient *Fathers* (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting, of their mind.
But, where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone,
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, vnmooued were)
I thun his Doctrine; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone in points of Faith can be.

Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Ierome*, *Chrysostome*,
Or any *Father*; if his Reuerence come,
To moue my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (vnlesse he bring,
The sacred word of God to giue me for it)
I prize not this opinion; but abhorre it,
Nay, I no faction gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Diuinest *Paul*, and Great *Apello*,
Did leade me; if that possible it were,
That they should haue permitted bin to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right (I care not
How wise, or learned, They, you thinke, that are not,

I care not, who did heare me, if I said,
That he who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn-come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it: for I proue it can,
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,
And *Church-preferments*, we to sale expose;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall euer be,
From hatefull Bribery, or damnd Schisme, free,

I may be blamid, perhaps, for speaking ~~thing~~ this;
But much I *care not*: for the *truth* it is,

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the same,
Would set those things (that are amisse) in frame.
Shame be my end but I would vndertake it,
Though I were sure to perish when I spake it.

I care not for *Preferments* which are sold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold,
For, he is nobler who can those contemne,
Then most of such, as seeke esteeme in them.

I doe not for those ayrie Titles care,
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.
Or that my Name (when ere it shall be writ)
Should be obscur'd with twenty after it.

For could I set my mind on vulgar Fame,
I would not thinke it hard to make my Name,
Mine owne Name, purchase me as true renowne,
As to be cald, by some old ruin'd Towne.

I loue my Country, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are :
For, any Region on the Earth shall be,
(On good occasion) native Soile to me.

I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whose blockishnes (because it neuer knew
The ground of this my *Carelesnesse*) will smile,
As if they thought I raued, all this while.

For, those the *Proverb* saith, *That line in Hell*
Can ne'r conceiue what 'tis in Heauen to dwell.

I care not for those Places, whereunto
Bad men doe sooner climbe then *Good men* do ;
And from whose euer-gogling station, all
May at the pleasure of another, fall.

But.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But oh ! How carelesse euery way am I,
 Of their base minds, who liuing decently
 Vpon their owne Demeanes ; there feareles might
 Enioy the day from morning vntill night,
 In sweet contentments : rendring prayse to *Him*,
 Who gaue this blefsings, and this rest to them ;
 That free from Cares and Enuies of the Court,
 They honor'd in their Neighbours good report ;
 Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, trie,
 And keepe a quiet *Conscience*, till they die ?

Oh God ! how mad are they, who thus may do ;
 Yet, that poore happinesse to reach vnto,
 Which is but painted ; will those Blessings shun,
 And bribe and woo, and sweate to be vndone ?
 How dull are they ? Who, when they home may keep
 And there, vpon their owne soft pillow sleepe,
 In deare security ; would roame about,
 Vncertaine hopes, or pleasures to find out ?
 Yea, straine themselves a slippery place to buy,
 With hazarding their states to beggery ?
 With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame ?
 With their aduenturing on perpetuall shame :
 With prostituting *Neeces, Daughters, Wines*,
 By putting into Iopardy their liues ?
 By selling of their *Country*, and the sale
 Of *Iustice, of Religion, Soule and All* ?
 Still dreaming on Content ; although they may
 Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day
 That those hopes faile ; and faile them not alone,
 In such vaine things as they presumed on :

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But bring them also (many-times) those cares,
Those sad distractions, those dispaire, and feares;
That all their glorious goulding, cannot hide
Those wofull ruines on their inner-side.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart,
With losse, with shame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this Humor, but I had,
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and mad;
Then be, with these mens frantique mood posselt:
For there they doe lesse harme, and haue more rest.

I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no proiector, who inuent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Suites*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly shewes,
Abuses to reforme, engender more;
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-weale*;
Their (iust deserued) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduancee,
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;
Nor liue I so, as that I need *to care*,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd there.
And some there be, would giue their Coat away,
That they could this as confidently say.

I care for no such thriving Pollicy,
As makes a foole, of Morrall Honesty.
For, such occasions happen now and then:
That He prooues Wise, that proues an Honest man.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And howsoere our *Proiect-mongers* deeme,
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
(How big soe're they looke; how braue soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare:
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight;
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
And by a hundred thousand croucht vnto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Kennell-rakers*; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little worth my care;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the begger'est,
And most betatter'd *Pesant*, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Maiestie;
Then all that braue bespangl'd *Rabblement*,
Composd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.

Let great and Courtly Pers'nages delight,
In some dull *Gesser*, or a *Parasite*;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can sing them bawdy songs, and sweare, and lye;
And let their *Mastership* (if so they please)
Still fauour more, the flauerings of These,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approued, or esteemed, for
A witty *Make-sport*; then an *Ape* to be.
And whosoever takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect*;
I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so;
He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And if how well he lov'd me, I did weigh,
Deserues(perhaps)as much respect,as they.
I haue a *Soule*, and must beloued be
For that which makes a lonely *Soule* in me;
Or else,their Loves,so little *care* I for,
That them,and their affections I abhor.

I care not,though some Fellowes,whose desert
Might raise them,to the Pillory,or Cart,
The Stocks,the Branding-yrón,or the Whip.
(With such like due Preferment)those doe skip;
And by their blacke endeauours purchase can,
The Priuiledges of a Noble man.
And be as confident,in what they doe :

As if by vertue they were rais'd thereto.
For,as true Vertue hath a confidence,
So,Vice,and Villaines haue their impudence.

And manly Resolution,both are thought,
Till both are to an equall Tryall brought;
But vicious Impudence,then prooues a mocke :
And Vertuous Constancy,endures the Shocke.

Though such vnworthy *Groomes*,who t'other day,
Were but their Masters *Panders* to puruey
The fuell of their Lust ; and had no more,
But the Reuersion of their meat,their Whore,
And their old cloathes to brag of. Though that these;
(The foes to Vertue, and the Times disease)
Haue now, to couer v're their knauery,
Got on the Robes, of Wealth, and Brauery,
And dare behaue their Rogueships sawcily,
In presence of our old Nobilitie :

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As if they had been borne to act a part,
In the contempt of Honour, and Desart.
Though all this be ; and though it often hath
Discourag'd many a one, in *Vertues* Path,
I am the same, and *Care not* : For, I know,
Those *Butter-flies*, haue but a Time to show
Their painted wings; that when a *storme* is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking lye,
In some old creuise, and there *starue* and dye.

Those *Dues*, which vnto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that despiseth, offers *Vertue* wrong.
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards,
And more the Credit, then the Act regards;
(Or such esteeme as others seeke, doth misse)
Himselfe imagines worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought,
I care not how ignoble I be thought:
Nor for those Honours doe I care a fly,
Which any man can giue me, or deny :
For what I reckon worth aspiring to,
Is got and kept, wher others will or no.
And all the world can neuer raise a man
To such braue heights, as his owne *Vertues* can.

I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One *Vertue* more I rather wish I had,
Then all the *Heralds* to mine *Armes* could add :
Yea, I had rather, by my industry
I could acquire some one good quality,

Then

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Then through the *Families*, that noblest be
From fiftie Kings to draw my Pedigree.

Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, I nought care,
To be Commaunder; my Ambitions are,
To haue the Rule, and Soueraignty of things,
Which doe commaund great Emperours, and Kings.
Those strong, and mighty Passions, wherewithall
Great Monarchs haue bin foyld, & brought in thrall;
I hope to trample on. And whilst that they
Force but my body (if I disobey)
I rule that Spirit; which would they constraîne
Beyond my will; They should attempt in vaine.
Yea, whilst they bounded within Limits here,
On some few Mortals, onely domineer,
Those Titles, and that Crowne, I doe pursue,
Which shall the Devils to my powre subdue.

I care not for that Valour, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.
Nor (if my Cause be ill) to heare men say,
I fought it out, euen when my bowels lay
Beneath my feete. A desperatenesse it is,
And there is nothing worthy praise in this;
For I haue seene (and you may see it to)
That any Mastiue dogge as much will doe.
He valiant is, who knowes the dis-esteem,
The vulgar haue, or such as Cowards seeme.
And yet dares seeme one, rather then bestow
Against an honest cause, or word, or blow:
Though, else he fear'd no more, to fight, or die;
Then you to strike a dogg, or kill a flie.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,
Finds all his Spirits so their temper keeping;
As that he would not start, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Denils were.
I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beasts on Earth, more truly hatefull be;
Since all the villanies that can be thought
Throughout the world, and altogether brought,
To make one Villaine; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is so, can be nothing lesse,
Then the perfection of all wickednesse.
In him no manly Vertues dwelling are,
Nor any shewes thereof, except for feare.
In no braue resolution is he strong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long.
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
His vowed Resolution starts he from.
And cares not what destruction others haue,
So he may gaine but hope himselfe to saue.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure
Of that disease that neuer finds a cure.
For take and arme him through in euery place,
Build round about him twenty walls of Brasse.
Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye
Thrice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye,
Prouide (those Trenches, and those walles toward)
A Million of old Souldiers for his guard,
All honest men and sworne: His Feauer will
Breake in (despight of all) and shake him still.

To

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To scape this feare, his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his dearest friend away;
Act any base, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytour to his Countrey, or his King,
For-sweare his God, and in some fright goe nigh
To hang himselfe, to scape the feare to dye,
And for these reasons, *I shall neuer care,*
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

I care not for large Fortunes : For I find,
Great wants, best trie the Greatnesse of the minde,
And though I must confesse, such Times there be,
In which the common wish, hath place in me.
Yet, when I search my heart, and what content
My God vouchsafe me hath; I count my Rent
To be aboue, a thousand pound a yeare,
More then it can vnto the World appeare.
And with more wealth, I lesse content might find,
If I with riches, had some rich-mans mind,
A daintie Pallate would consume in cheere,
(More then I doe) an hundred pounds a yeere,
And leaue me worse sufficed then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game;
A thousand Markes, would aunually away,
And yet I want my full content at Play.
If I in Hawkes or Doggs had much delight,
Twelue hundred Crownes it yearely waste me might;
And yet, not halfe that pleasure bring me to,
Which from one *Line* of This, receiue I do,
If I to braue Apparell were inclind;
Five *Students* Pensions, I should yearely spend,

WITHERS MOYTO.

Yet not be pleas'd so well, with what I weare,
As now I am ; Nor take so little Care
I much for Physicke might be forc't to giue,
And yet a thousand fold, lesse healthy liue.
To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might wast,
And with vexation tyre me out at last.

These, and (no doubt) with these full many a thing
To make me lesse Content, more wealth might bring,
Yet more employ me to ; for few I see
Who owners of the greatest Fortunes be :
But they haue still, as they more riches gaine,
More State, more lusts, more troubles to maintaine
With their Reuennues. That the whole account,
Of their great seeming Blisse, doth scarce amount
To halfe of my content. And can I lesse
Esteeme this rare acquired Happinesse,
Then I, a thousand pounds in Rent would prize ?
Since with lesse trouble, it doth more suffice ?
No ; for as when the March is swift and long,
And men haue foes to meer, both fierce and strong ;
That Souldier in the Conflict best doth fare,
Who getteth Armes of prooffe, that lightest are :
So I, who with a little, doe enioy
As much my Pleasure and Content, as they,
Whom farre more wealth and businesse doth molest ;
Account my Fortune, and Estate the best.
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more :
And great possessions, much lesse care I for.

I care not so I still my selfe may bee,
What others are, or who takes place of me.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I care not for the times vniust neglect ; (spect.
Nor feare their frownes, nor praise their vaine re-
For, to my selfe my worth doth neuer seems ;
Or more, or lesse, for other mens esteeme.

The *Turke*, the *Demill*, *Antichrist*, and all
The Rabble of that Body-mysticall,
I care not for ; and I should sorry be,
If I should giue them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Essence* doth abhor,
I hate as I am able ; and for ought
Which God approues not, when I spend a thought.
I truly wish that from my eyes might raine,
A shower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.

I care not for their Kin, who blush to see,
Those of their blood, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes vnworthines; and shoves,
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue rose.
To say, *My Lord, my Cousen*, can to me
(In my opinion) no such honour be ;
(If he from vertues precepts goe astray)
As when *my honest Kinsman*) I can say.
And they are fooles, who, when they raised are ;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themselues of truest Fame,
With some false honor to belye their Name.
For, such as to the highest Titles rise,
From poore beginnings, nobler then they were.
To honour and obserue them (farre) then all
That doe succeed them, euer boast of, shall,

WITHERS MOTTO.

For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heede them not (vnlesse they merit scorne)
For some vnworthinesse. And then, perchance,
As their forefathers meannesse, did aduance
His praise the higher, so their Greatnesse shall,
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall,

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the start, of all their Names haue got;
And it was worthlesse Enuy, first begun,
That false opinion, which so farre hath run.

Which well they know, whose Vertues honor win,
And shame not to confesse their poorest Kin.

For, whensoever they doe looke on those,
To God they praises giue and thus suppose:

Loe; when the hand of heauen, aduanced vs,
Above our brethren, to be lifted thus;

He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To haue the mind of those, *I doe not care,*

VVho both so shamelesse, and so foolish are,

That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they

VVere neuer heard of, vntill yesterday,

(And neuer shall perhaps, be thought on more)

Can Prodiggally there, consume their store:

And stand vpon their points of honour so,

As if their credit had an ouerthrow,

VVithout redemption: If in ought they misse,

VVherein th'accomplish *Gallant* punctuall is.

Yet basely, curry qualitie despise,

In which true VVisdome, and true honour lies.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Twere three to one, but he for all would pay :
If but your seruant light him to the doore,
He will reward him : If but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are ; the Coachman may,
For sennight after, let his Horses play,
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres Fame)
Mong those that hardly, will inquire his name.
At home (where euery good, and euery ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanitie. Yea, where he liues,
And needs most loue ; all cause of hatred giues,
To poole, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse,
The poore, the widow, and the fatherlesse,
To shift, to lie, to coulsen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Ass,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe,
The Deuill he shall asloone : and I will write,
The Storie of his being Conuertite.

I care not for the worlds vaine blast of Fame,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trumpe of shame :
For whatsoeuer good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing put out another ; and men sorrow,
To day, yerhaps, for what they ioy to morrow.
And it is likely, that ere night they may,
Condemne the man, they pleased yesterday ?

Hang

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Hand him next morning, and be sorry then,
Because he cannot be alive agen.

But, grant the same of things had larger date ;
Alas ! what glory is it if men prate
In some three Parishes of that we doe,
When three great Kingdoms are but Mole-hills to,
The earths Circumference ? and scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can ?
Believe me, it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions, or their speeches be ;
That were there not a better cause in me,
Which moou'd to *Vertue*) *I would neuer care,*
Whether my actions good or euill were,

Though still vnheeded of the World, I spend
My Time and Studies, to the noblest end ;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,
Beyond the Worlds requitall, or regard.
And since all men, some things erronious doe,
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to,
In part of my correction. This I take ;
And that I fauour dam, account doe make.

I care not, though, there eu'ry houre, should be
Some outward discontent to busie me.
And, as I would not too much triall haue ;
So, too much carnall peace I doe not craue,
The one, might giue my Faith a dangerous blow ;
The other would peruert my life, I know.
For, few loue *Vertue* in aduersitie ;
But fewer hold it in Prosperitie,

Vaine

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Haue made me erre: Then whither had I gone,
(If I, the full possession had attained)

When, but meere *Hopes*, my heart to folly traine?
Smoth *Waies* would make me want; and my course
Must lye, where Labour, Industry, and Force,
Must worke me Passage: or, I shall not keepe
My Soule from dull Securities, dead-sleepe:
But, outward discontentments make me flie
Farre higher, then the worlds *Contents* doe lie.

I neither for their pompe, or glory care;
Who by the loue of vice aduanced are.
Faيرة *Vertue* is the lonely Nymph I serue;
Her will I follow, her *Commands* obserue;
Yea, though the purblind world perceiue not where,
The best of all her *Fauours* I doe weare.
And, when great *Vices*, with faire bayted hookes,
Large promises of fauour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Mistresse*, I haue turnd away:
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In spight of all their gaudy *Seruitors*.

In which braue daring, I opposde haue bin
By mighty Tirants; and was plunged in
More wants, then thrice my fortunes would haue
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or scorne, (borne,
To lend me succour) yea, in that weake age,
When I but newly entred on the Stage
Of this proud world) So that, vnlesse the King
Had nobly please, to heare the *Adverser* sing,

My

WITHER'S MOTTO.

My bold *Appelologic* ; Till now, might I
Haue struggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all those threatning *Comets*, I haue seene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.
And I, that crasht and lost was thought to be ;
Line yet, to pittie those, that spighted me ;
Enioying Hopes which so well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care*.
Yet those I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes shall haue, and what effect.
VVith enuious eyes awayting eu'ry day,
VVhen all my confidence shall slip away.

And make me glad, through those base paths to fly,
VVhich they haue trod, to raise their Fortunes by.

They flout to heare, that I doe Conscience make,
What Place I sue for, or what Course I take.

They laugh to see me spend my youthfull time,

In serious *Studies* ; and to teach my *Rime*

The *Straines* of *Vertue* ; whilst I might perchance,

By Lines of Ribaldry, my selfe aduance

To place of fauour. They make skoffes, to heare

The praise of Honesty ; as if it were,

For none but vulgar mindes. And since they liue

In braue prosperitie, they doe beliene

It shall continue : and account of Me,

As one scarce worthy of their scorne to be.

All this is *Truth* ; yea, trust me, *care I not* ;

Nor loue I *Vertue*, ought the worse a iot.

For, I oft said, that I should liue, to see

My *Way*, farre safer then their Courses be.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And I haue seene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of those men,
From goodly brauery, to raggs decline,
And waite vpon as poore a *Fate* as mine.

Yea those, whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage* :

(And such as many Wisemen of this age,
Haue wisht to be the men) euen those, haue I
Seene hurled downe to shame, and beggery,
In one twelue houres : and grow so miserable,
That they became the scornefull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And there's none so base,
But thought himselfe, a man in better case.

This, makes me pleased with mine owne estate,
And fearefull to desire anothers *Fate*.
This makes me *Carelesse* of the worlds proud scorne,
And of those glories, whereto such are borne.
And, if to haue me, still kept meane and poore,
To Gods great Glory, shall ought adde the more :
Or if to haue disgraces heapt on me ;
(For others, in their way to Blisse) may be
Of more Aduantage, then to see mee thrue
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liue :
I care not though I neuer see that day,
Which with one pinns-worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternall *Dietie* I vow ;
Who knowes I lie not, who doth heare me, now.
Whose dreadfull Maiestie is all I feare,
Of whose great *Spirit*, These the sparklings are,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And who will make me, such proud daring, rue ;
If this my protestation be vntrue.

So I may still retainethat in Peace,
That loue and taste, of the eternall Blisse ;
Those matchlesse comforts, and those braue desires,
Those sweet Contentments, and immortall Fires ;
Which at this instant doe inflame my brest ;
(And are to excellent to be exprest.)

I doe not care a Rush, though I were borne,
Vnto the greatest Pouerty ; and seorne :
That (since God first infusde it ; with his breath)
Poore flesh and bloud, did euer groane beneath.
Excepting onely, such a load it were,
As no *Humanitie* was made to beare. (hurld;

Yea, let me keepe these Thoughts ; and let bee
Vpon my backe, the spight of all the world,
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but those for which I sweat.
Let me become vnto my foes a slaue ;
Or, causelesse here the markes of iustice, haue ;
For some great villany, that I nere thought,
Let my best actions, be against me brought.
That small repute, and that poore little Fame,
Which haue got ; let men vnto my shame
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of fooles Let me be miserable,
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man spare,
(Though that would make me happy) halfe a teare.
Nay (which is more vn sufferable farre,
Then all the miseries yet spoken are)

Let

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Let that deare *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,
That warme my heart (and for whose onely good :
I could the brunt, of all this Care haue stood)
Let him forsake me. Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell to; and when distrest, I send
To seeke his Comfort, let him looke on me,
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be ;
As that (although he know me innocent,
And how those miseries I vnderwent,
In loue to him) He, yet deny me should,
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could.
And (truly grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to scorne me to my face.

Let this befall me; and with this, beside,
Let me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion, and my honestie ;
Be counted till my death Hypocrisie.
And, when I die, let till the generall *Dooome*,
My *Name*, each houre into question come,
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And if to this,
You ought can adde, which yet more grieuous is,
Let that befall me to ; So that, in Me,
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace descend,
Of which I now, some portion apprehend :
And then, as I already (heretofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,
So, now I sweare againe ; If ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I suffer should :

Those

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Miseries recited; *I nor care,*
How soone they ceazd me, nor how long they were :
For, He can make them Pleasures, and I know;
As long as he inflicts them, will doe so.

Nor vnto this Assurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes*, gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Philosophers*.
My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;
For, whatsoe're account of them is made,
I haue as good experience of them had :
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for Them, shall honour me,
And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be reputed foolish Arrogance.

Oh ! that my *Lines* were able to expresse,
The Cause, and Ground, of this my *Carelesnesse*.
That I might shew you, what braue things they be,
Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that This
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humour* is;
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise,
From furious, and distempered *Phantasies*.
But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came,
Such things haue fill'd me, that I feele my braine,
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be,
As if they meant to take their leaue of me.
And could these *Straines* of *Contemplation*, stay
To lift me higher stil', but halfe a day :

By

WITHER'S MOTTO.

By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my Cares would haue an end to Night.

But oh! I fee the fumes of flesh and bloud,
To clog those Spirits in me, and like mudd;
They sincke againe. More dily burne my fires;
To Her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires:
And as her Heavenly flames extinguisht be,
The more I find my Cares to burthen mee.

Yet, I beleene, I was enlightarned so,
That neuer shall my Spirit stoope so low,
To let the seruile thoughts, and dinghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, still I value not, those things of nought,
For which the greatest part, take greatest thought.
Much for the world I care not, and (confesse)
Desire I doe, my care for it, were lesse.

I doe not care, (for ought they me, could harme)
If with more mischiefes, this last Age did swarme;
Yea such poore Joy I haue, or Care to see,
The best Contents these Times can promise mee;
And that small feare of any Plague at all,
(Or Miseries) which on this Age may fall.

That, but for Charitie, *I did not care*
If all those vomiting stormes, which some doe feare,
Were now descending downe. For Hell can make,
No vproare, which my peacefull thoughts may shake.
I founded haue my Hopes on him that had
A shelter for me, in the day of wrath.
And I haue trust, I shall (without a maze),
Looke vp, when all burnes round me in a blaze.

WITHERS MOTTO.

And if to have these Thoughts, & this Mind known
 Shal spread Gods praise no further then mine owne;
 Or, if ~~that~~ ^{that} shall no more instruct me,
 To others; then it glory is to Me;
 Here let it perish, and be hurled by,
 Into Oblivion everlastingly.
 For, with this ~~mind~~ ^{mind}, I can be pleas'd, (as much)
 Though none but I my selfe did know it such.
 And, he that hath contentment, need not care;
 What other mens opinions of it, are.
I care not though for many griefes to come,
 To live an hundred yeares, it were my Doome.
 Nor care I though I summon'd be, away,
 At Night, or Morning, or to Day.
I care not whether ~~this~~ ^{this} you read or no;
 Nor whether you beleene it, if you do.
I care not whether any Man suppose
 All ~~this~~ ^{this} from Iudgement, or from Rashnes flowes.
 Nor meane I, to take Care what any Man,
 Will thinke thereof: Or Comment on it can.
I care not who shall fondly censure it;
 Because it was not with more ~~method~~ ^{method} writ;
 Or fram'd in imitation, of the ~~Strait~~ ^{Strait}
 In some deepe Grecian, or old ~~Roman~~ ^{Roman} vaine.
 Yea, though that all men living should despise;
 These Thoughts in Me, to heed, or Patronize;
 I vow, *I care not*. And I now, no lesse,
I care not who dislikes this ~~carelesnesse~~ ^{carelesnesse}.

My Minde, my Kingdome; and I will permit,
 No others will, to have the rule of it.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor shall vnmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me:
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* shall be.

To Enuy.

Now looke upon Me, Enuy, if thou dare,
Dart all thy Malice, shoot me eu'ry where:
Try all the wayes thou canst, to make me feeble,
The cruell sharpenes of thy poysoned Steele.
For, I am Enuy-prooffe, and scorne I do;
The worst, thy cancred spight, can urge thee to.
This Word, I care not, is so strong a Charme,
That He, who speakes it truly, feares no harme,
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may;
Or, his peruersest Fortunes, on him lay,
Goe, hatefull Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,
Thy snake head, in thy abhorred Den.
And since thou canst not haue thy will of Me:
There; Damned Fiend, thine owne Tormentresse be,
Thy forked stings, upon thy body turne;
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrails burne;
From thy leane Carcasse, thy blacke fumes steare,
With thine owne Venome burst, and perishe there.

Nec Habeo, nec Curo, nec Curo.

OTTO MOTT
A Postscript.

QVite through this *Iland* hath my *Motto* rung;
And twenty dayes are past, since vp I hung
My bold *Impreza* : which defiance throwes,
At all the malice of faire *Vertues* foes.

The *Good* approue it ; and so crowne the Cause
Of this my Resolution, with applause :
That such as spight it, dare not to appeare,
In opposition to the *Challenger*.

Their *Malice* would enforce them ; but, it lyes
Oppressed yet, with fearefull *Cowardize* ;
For, they so arm'd haue found me, that they feare,
I may (in spight of all their *Envy*) beare
The Conquest from them : and vpon the Face,
Of their be-spotted *Fame*, stick more disgrace.

This, makes them *Storme* in priuate, *Slander*, *Raile*,
Threat, *Libell*, *Ryme*, *Detraict* ; and to preuaile
Vpon my *Patience*, try their vtmost Art,
But, I still mind my *Motto's* latter-part,
And *Care not* for it : which more makes them chafe ;
And still the more they fret, the more I laugh.

But, now their *Enuies* haue so well conspir'd,
That they haue fram'd the *Project* they desir'd ;
And tooke such course, that (if their word you take)
Shall moone my *Choller*, and my *Patience* shake.

Forsooth, some *Rimer*, they haue hyr'd, to chew
Their *Rankor* into *Balladry*, and spew

Their

Their blacke Despight, which to a drunken note,
They, in a hundred *Taverns*, haue by roate
Already belcht vnto that *Auditory*,
Who are the fittest *Trumpets* of their Story.

When their *Inuentions* (by the powre Diuine
Of much-inspiring *Sacke* and *Claret-wine*)
Are ripened to the highest ; then, they say
The *Stationer* expects it eu'ry day :
And that he may a sauing bargaine make,
(A forehand) doth his *Customers* bespeake.

But when these *Braine-wormes* crawling forth you
(As pity twere, such wit should smotherd lie) (spie
They will bewray the *Sires* ; and mak't appeare,
That *Ignorance*, and *Enuy* Parents were
To that despightfull Issue : So, that he
Who shall a Rush the lesse, esteeme of *Me*,
For ought there Writ : en'n (He) is one of *Them*,
Whose *Hate*; and whose *Affection* I contemne.

The *Instruments* they get to serue the turne,
Are those, that are vnworthy of my Scorne :
And if contend, or answere them I should ;
It more might wrong me, then their *Riming* could.
As therefore, when an armed Souldier feeles
A testy *Curre*, in vaine to gnaw his Heeles ;
He mindes not Him : but spends his blowes vpon
Those churlish Peasants, that did fet him on.
So ; I, that know these *Dogges* doe but their kind ;
Well, let them barke, & snarle, & spend their wind,
Till they grow weary. But, let them sit strong
That yrge them to it ; or I lay along

Their

Their high *Top-gallant*; where each *Groome* shall see
How worthy *Scorne*, and infamy they be.
For, they who are their *Patrons* are such *Foes*,
As I may somewhat worthyly oppose :
And Ile vnmaske them so, that you shall spie
In them, *Detractions* true *Anatomy*.
Yea, whereas they haue by their malice, thought
To haue on me their spightfull pleasures wrought;
Ile from their *Censures*, an occasion take
To shew how other men a sport shall make
At all *Detractions*; So, those slaues vndoe,
Who that base practise are enclin'd vnto.

Raile they that list: for, those men know not yet,
What mind I haue; who thinke the man that writ
This *Motto*, can be euer brought to feare
Such poore fond things, as idle *Carpers* are;
Nay rather, from those *Slanders* they shall raise,
I will aduantage gather for my praise:
While they that in my shame would take delight,
Shal gnaw their flesh through vengeance, & despight
To see how I, vn mou'd their enuy mocke,
And make of them this *Ages* laughing stocke.

For, lest to haue preuailed they should seeme;
And so grow wise men in their owne esteeme:
(Or, by their foolish brags, dishearten such,
Whose resolutions are not growne so much)
When I at leasure am, for Recreation,
Ile merry make my selfe, to their vexation;
Yet shall my Mirth from Malice be so free,
That though I bitter to the guiltie be.

It shall appeare that I in loue doe scourge them;
That of their soule Corruptions I may purge them.
And that it may be knowne how Vertue hath
A sting to punish, though not moou'd to wrath.

But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* seeke about,
For, yet ere night (tis thought) it will come out.
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there
His wit alone, whose Name you see it beare :
(For though you nothing can collect from thence,
But foul-mouthd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudence*)
Yet there expect, (since tis the common cause,
Of all *Crowe-Poets*, and *Poeticke-Daves*,
Which I haue toucht) that all the *Brotherhood*,
Will lend their wits to make the Quarrell good.
For, to that purpose they are all combin'd;
Yea, to their strong *Conspira'cy* are ioynd,
That *Corporation*, by whose Patronage,
Such *Poetry* hath flourish't in this Age:
And some beside, that dare not yet be knowne,
Haue fauour, to this goodly Proiect showne.

But, let them ioyne their force; For I had rather
Ten Millions, should themselves against Me gather
(And blot and practise for my ouerthrow)
Then be the *Conqueror* of one base Foe.
For, as mine enemies encreasing be;
So, Resolution doth encrease in mee:
And if I must haue foes, my *Fates* shall friend me;
If great and noble enemies they send me.

But, whether on meane Foes, or great I light,
My *Spirit* will be greater then their spight..

An Epigram, written by the Author on his
owne Picture; where this Motto
was inscribed.

THus, others Lones, haue set my shadow forth;
To fill a Roome, with Names of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.

Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*;
Nor any new aduanced *Favourite*.
For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me,
That such a One I ne'r were like to bee.
No child of purblind *Fortune's* was I borne;
For all that issue holdeth *Me* in scorn.
Yet, *He* that made *Me* hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such; nor such vndo.
And bids me, in no *Favours* take delight;
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight.

Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare,
Then rise through basenes, brauest Robes to weare.
Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture showne;
Part of my *Inside*, by these *Lines* is knowne:
And tis no matter of a rush to me,
How *This*, or *That*, shall now esteemed be.

F I N I S.

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